

woke up in the evening crying for his mother or his nurse.
 One evening he dictated the following letter to his nurse:
 " Miss C. I love you. If I have lost some of my toys, will you send them on to me by post. Could you buy me a new pair of shoes, 'cos I've only about eight. What colour will the shoes be ?—oh, and then say what size they're going to be."

Another evening he woke up and talked to Mrs. I., the following being fragments of the conversation :
 " Where's Mr. I. ? " *In the study.* Is he writing ? *No.* Who does he write to when he writes ? *To his father.* Has he got a father ?
Yes. Has he got a mummy ? *No.* Have you got a mummy ? *No.* Have you got a father ? *No.* Then do you share Mr. I.'s father ? How tall is Mr. I.'s father ?
 Has he got a father ? *Who ?* Mr. I.'s father ? *No.* Has he got a mummy ? *No.* Oh, my daddy is a long time away.
 —Inter-spersed with these questions were many stretches of phantasy.
 E.g., " Oh, I got run over by a roller at the station ; oh, it was nasty—oh, it *did* hurt I Then I got on top of another train and rode along on it—then came to a station and got down.
 And there was a very tall man—taller than Mr. I. —oh, so tall.
 (*Your daddy is tall, isn't he ?*) Oh, yes, he's tall.
 But Frn growing every day—I'll soon be big. When my daddy comes home, he'll see how big I've got. My daddy's in Switzerland—and my mummy's away, too."

27.10.25. Dan and Priscilla quarrelled to-day ; Priscilla hit Dan, and he bit her finger severely. She cried bitterly ; he looked very miserable, and stood beside Mrs. I. looking at the mark on Priscilla's finger. He said, " *That* doesn't hurt!
 Mrs. I. reminded him that he didn't like it when James bit him.
 He replied, " No. And a big giant bit me once, and bit my finger right off, and it was bleeding." He said this again soon, showing Mrs. I. his fore-finger: " It was this finger, and he bit it right off, and it was bleeding."

8.11.25. Dan, sitting on the pot to urinate,

said
had been " cut off ", and, " I haven't any
penis."

For several previous nights, he had wakened
up calling out
and crying, and been found right under the bed
clothes at the
bottom of the bed. The first time he
complained that he
" couldn't find his way out" ; on later
occasions, that he
" couldn't get any further in ". About this time,
there were
several occasions of t>ed-wetting. This night-
terror had first
occurred after the following conversation with
Priscilla and
Mrs. I. (4.11.25):

Priscilla, Dan and Mrs. I. were modelling
together, and some
point arising about ages, Mrs. I. referred to the
time when she